

# netop



Junior & Senior  
Number  
1922

OUR COMPLIMENTS

TO

THE SCHOOLS

OF

MONTAGUE

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KEITH PAPER COMPANY

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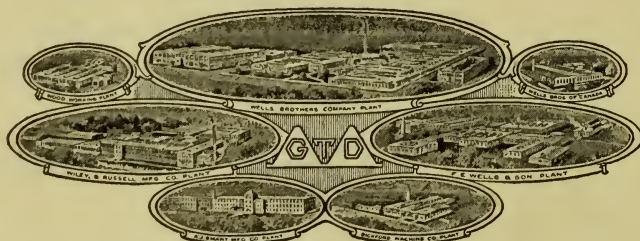
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# NETOP

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VOL. II

JUNE, 1922.

No. 3

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Entered as second class matter at the Turners Falls Post Office. Circulation Five Hundred. Price twenty-five cents per copy. On sale in Turners Falls at the High School and at the Corner Book Store, also in Millers Falls at C. L. Cook & Company's Store. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

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Issued from the Press of the Greenfield Recorder, Greenfield, Mass.

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## CLASS SONG

T. F. H. S. '22 greets thee,  
With her colors of red and white,  
Oh! '22, we shall always be,  
True to your ideals of the right,  
And oft in our thoughts will we re-  
turn,  
To that dear school for which we  
will yearn.

### Chorus

When shall we meet once more,  
Now that these school days are o'er?  
Will not our thoughts be here,  
With our old school, so dear?  
And oft, school mates we shall think  
of you,

May you keep our ideals and memo-  
ries true,  
We shall be happy when,  
We all shall meet again.

T. F. H. S. we must say adieu,  
That heart aching word of good-bye,  
The white, white rose we shall always  
view,

To pause in thought, perhaps to sigh,  
Who knows the where-for, the why,  
the when,

Who knows if ever we'll meet again.  
To the tune of "When Shall We  
Meet Again."

## LUCK

As there are two sides to luck I will leave it to the judgment of the reader to decide whether this is a story of good luck or bad luck. To me it is entirely a question of viewpoint, for it may have been through good luck that I am alive to relate this story and it may have been through bad luck that we had so much trouble reaching our destination.

It was the day of the M. A. C. and Dartmouth foot-ball game. A number of boys, myself included, were sitting under an elm on the M. A. C. campus just fifty miles from the Dartmouth field, where the game was to be played that afternoon. The big question was how to get to Dartmouth. Several ideas had been suggested and rejected before one of the boys decided to ask for his father's car. His father was a garage owner in Amherst and after much consideration consented to let his son take the car. We piled the car full of six boys—remember it was an old Maxwell five seater,—and started for the game.

Everything went well until noon and then the question of dinner arose. We were rather short of funds and had two big reasons for economizing. First, supper came at six that day as usual and secondly, we had to buy gas for our return trip. Leaving supper as a future item to be settled but remembering that it was essential that we return to whence we had come, we stopped and then the question of dinner. Our meal over with, we left Newport in high hopes of reaching Dartmouth before the game began. About ten miles from Dartmouth we encountered a very rough road but as we were late we could not slacken our speed to any great extent. We all clung to the car and bumped along for several miles until we finally ran into one big bump which proved our undoing. The size of the bump and our weight proved to be too much for the right front spring which gave way. Our problem now was

how to fix the car so as to reach the game? Ah! dear reader, I hear you saying "Garage" but to our dismay no such edifice marred the landscape and we were left entirely upon our own resources. At length one bright student, that is especially bright, for we are all bright students at M. A. C., conceived the idea of placing a block between the broken spring and the frame of the car. In this wounded manner we limped into Dartmouth in time to see the last half of the game.

M. A. C. won six to nothing so we felt repaid for our troubles but the broken spring remained. All garages were closed in Hanover so we drove to White River and after much inquiring unearthed a blacksmith who agreed to make us a new spring and to put it on the car for the small sum of twelve dollars. This price floored us but again one of our especially bright students came to our rescue by stating that he had an uncle in White River whom he believed would lend us the required sum. We left the car with the blacksmith and hunted up a lunch room where we had a little something to eat. Our next move was to the uncle. Contrary to ordinary supposition the uncle was a very agreeable chap and besides loaning us the twelve dollars he took us to the movies to pass away the time.

About ten o'clock at night we regained our wounded auto and started for home. At sometime in the morning and some place in Vermont we were roughly halted on our homeward journey. We were all asleep, except the driver, three spread out on the back seat, one on the bottom of the floor in the back of the car and the fifth on the front seat with the driver. The driver claimed afterwards that he was blinded by the lights from another car but that matters little. All I remember is being awakened by a sudden and terrific bouncing and then the car stopped. It was pitch dark for all our lights were out and the wilds of Vermont do not boast of street lights. We piled out and examined the car with

Continued on page 14







CLASS OF 1922



## OUR MOST DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION

No, this is not about a college, a theatre, or a baseball game, but chiefly concerns that product of ingenuity which perambulates through city and town upon two stout steel bands, except for special occasions, and which has, in recent years, suffered severely from the onslaught of the automobile.

This most peculiar, most eccentric, most unconventional, most unhandy, and yet most interesting institution of ours is the street car. Doubtless in olden days, the street car, towed by a pair of aged grays was accustomed to move from one spot to another in a dignified manner. Our forefathers probably did not dare to enter a street-car unless they were clothed in their dress-suits, and probably the seats were dusted every morning.

Our dignified ancestor when he wished to utilize this marvelous mode of transportation, slowly approached it as it ambled down the street, and by a slight wave of the hand, signified that he had the intention of gracing the car with his presence. In consequence, the driver, by a peremptory "Whoa," halted his vehicle and allowed his guest to seat himself before resuming his course. In this same awe-inspiring manner the journey continued, and the passengers, without a doubt, merely noticed each other, without

curiosity, and in a distant manner.

But, alas, in these days of rushing and hurrying the street-car is not what it used to be.

It is Saturday noon and you are about to depart from your place of business to your home in the outskirts of the city. Waiting until the last moment before car-time, you hurriedly grab your hat and coat and rush outside. The car is ready to start, but by skillfully dodging a couple of trucks and by frantically signaling the motorman, you manage to mount the first step before the car starts. Then the motorman, angered at the loss of at least three seconds, starts with a rush, and it is left to you to find a seat. After making a deposit in the cash register, an attempt is made to gain a vacant seat at the other end of the car. If you are fortunate, you do not sit down in anyone's lap, but merely tread on a few feet. You congratulate yourself on your successful debut, but when on the point of gracefully assuming a seat, the motorman jams on the brakes.

Alas for your dignity! It is irrevocably lost. A wild grab at a strap avails nothing, and with a most ferocious lunge, you squeeze the little man in the corner tightly for several seconds until you have gained your equilibrium. He merely regards you with an injured look, and



you in turn, inwardly curse the motorman.

The next victim enters. It is a rather portly lady with her arms full of bundles. The motorman, showing more consideration than you thought possible, allows her to get halfway down the aisle before starting. His kindness is of no avail. The lady lunges forward, does a beautiful half turn, and collapses squarely in your unreceptive lap. A ton of brick would have been more welcome received, but it is finally over, and the lady, not wishing to impose upon you, seeks a seat at your side. Well, there is one relief, you have a good buffer to protect you from the next entrant.

Having resumed your natural dignity and coolness, you glance about the car. Halfway up the car is a man who evidently owns a car, and is finding his ride boring and degrading. The most conspicuous part of his attire is his scowl. He imagines it adds to his dignity, but then, he cannot see himself.

Further up the car is an aged spinster seated by a woman and two children. Evidently tiring of looking at the advertisements, the little girl and her adventurous brother begin to seek enjoyment nearer home. Their prim neighbor is the unfortunate one destined to furnish it. After looking at her for some time, the children begin to whisper and giggle together, looking slyly in the direction of their mother.

Suddenly opportunity presents itself as their guardian turns to look out of the window. The little boy playfully seizes the tassels on the handbag which lies in the spinster's lap. Suspicious and watchful, she must have anticipated the attack, for she seizes the hand bag and places it at her side out of reach of the children, muttering to herself about some people's inability to restrain their children. The mother smiles and does not reprove the culprits who once more are giggling and whispering together. The man with the scowl is evidently amused, for he smiles broadly, the fat woman snickers, and you and the little man exchange a smiling glance.

Again the brakes are applied. The only damage you commit is to knock a few of the fat lady's bundles from her hands, but these you retrieve as the maiden lady flounces out of the car. Her departure seems to remove the restraint, for the boy and girl laugh continually, and the business man condescends to speak to his neighbor.

Then as you near your destination the passengers, one by one, begin to desert the car. But they are no longer strangers, rather friends. You know every one of them, even the spinster, and when it comes time for you to leave the few remaining passengers, your dignity is completely forgotten . . . . "Gee; I hope the wife has a good dinner!"

HAROLD CLARK '23.

## MENTAL LAZINESS

It must feel awfully comfortable to be mentally lazy. I have always envied the tramps who roamed about the country and never seemed to have anything to keep their minds busy. They take everything as it comes, and seem to enjoy it. Nothing to do! nothing to think! nothing to learn! How pleasant it must be to sit down and actually let one's mind go to sleep! What do they care what happened a thousand years ago, and what will be a thousand years hence? They are having a good time today why worry about tomorrow?

But, since I am not a tramp, and probably will never be one, I will try to keep my mind so busy that it will forget all about wanting to be lazy. I will pay no attention at all to its likes and dislikes, and cram it full of Latin, geometry and anything else that particularly distresses it.

In the meantime, I will live in the hope that if I am ever fortunate enough to get to Heaven, I will then have the opportunity of being blissfully comfortable, by letting my brain become shamefully lazy.

RACHEL CLAPP '24.

## CLASS WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the students and inmates of the Turners Falls High School of the Class of 1922, having, in our own estimation, outgrown childish ways, do hereby dreadfully swear, affirm, and leave this, our last will and testament written during our convalescence from our finals.

I, Warren White, Justice of the Peace and Notary of the Peace, being of sane disposition and physically fit, do actually swear to the above and below.

My Commission expires when the Connecticut stops flowing.

WARREN WHITE.

Forethought: Those of the heirs having weak hearts, kindly provide smelling salts or leave the building. To the School Board we honorably bequeath our thanks for:

Item: The pleasant building and its beautiful lawn which we suggest that any unruly student be sent out to mow.

To the Faculty who have aided us during our four years we bequeath:

Item: Deep appreciation of their kind services.

Item: Six hundred thousand red, white and blue detention slips with seventy-five gallons of ink to match so that the scholastic standard will never be lowered when WE leave.

To the inflated Juniors we bequeath:

Item: The privilege of using Room 2 as a seat room with special care of the splendid curtains.

Item: The special advantage of using the front door once a day, possibly twice, thus drawing from our surplus.

Item: The solemn right of occupying the back seats and of maintaining the dignified facial contours which we, the departing Seniors always had.

Item: The publication of "Netop" with all its hard work.

To the Sophomores we bequeath:

Item: All the good wishes and success possible.

Item: The space on the Honor Roll left vacant by the Class of nineteen hundred twenty-two, also extra paper provided there is not room enough on the present roll.

Item: The sole use of Room 1.

Item: The debating ability of the Class of 1922 who have never hesitated to debate on any subject from Daylight Saving to Prohibition.

To the nervous, poor, green Freshmen who are the coming Sophomores:

Item: We bequeath the incoming Freshmen that they may take away a little of that green which they once possessed.

Item: The use of the first corridor so that they will not have to tire themselves by climbing the stairs.

Item: All chocolate bars that they may find about the building.

Item: The use of Room 3 as a lounge during school hours.

To the next year's Freshmen we bequeath:

Item: Our class colors, the red and white, with the trust that they will uphold them as we have done and always keep them at the front.

Item: The front seats in chapel which the former Freshmen occupied and which they so comfortably filled.

To Mr. Harry Maddern, our beloved janitor, we bequeath:

Item: One megaphone to preserve his lungs in reprimanding absent minded students that the waste baskets are for refuse and not the corridors, and that there is no place about the building to park gum.

Item: One maxim-silencer which he can apply to other classes noisier than the Class of twenty-two.

To Russell Parks and Dunstan Jackson we bequeath:

Item: Mary Turner's rival right with Annette Farwell for being late.

To Paul Jillson we bequeath:

Item: Sam Blassberg's smile.

To John Charron we unceremoniously bequeath:

Item: Sam Blassberg's ability to imitate a bird in order that he will become a valuable asset to the Orchestra.

To Lyman Klaiber we do give and bequeath:

Item: Barney Kells' athletic ability.

To Paul Rochford we solemnly bequeath:

Item: The musical ability of Joseph Briggs.

And lastly, we nominate and appoint the Faculty as the executives of this, our last will and testament, reposing full confidence in their ability to perform all duties pertaining to it.

In witness, whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-first day of June in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two when hotels were turned into apart-

ment houses and men were striking for higher wages.

Attested in presence of said testators.

Witnesses,

DOUGLAS DONOVAN,  
MARY TURNER.

Done before me this twenty-first day of June, nineteen hundred twenty-two.

WARREN WHITE,  
Attorney-at-Law.

## WHAT I KNOW AND LIKE ABOUT CURRENT POETRY

Rudyard Kipling is typical of current poets. He writes various types of poetry but his "If" is one of the best known.

"If" is one of the inspiring poems of modern times. The poet today is one of the chief uplifters of morals and habits. He brings out the honor and the happiness of doing the right thing. He attempts to illustrate to the people in what ways happiness and strength of character may be gained. "If" is a poem of this type. The object of it is to tell how a boy may become a true man. The rules which Kipling gives are simple, but rules which are very often disobeyed or neglected.

Using "If" as an example, modern poetry is like that of Milton's in that it is uplifting. However, Milton, and the other great poets of his time were classicists and this fact tends to make their works less natural, and so less interesting for the average person to read. Modern poetry tends to be very natural. Thus recent writers belong to the school of Romance, which upholds freedom of style.

One of the late developments of modern poetry is free verse, which lacks rhyme. A very recent writer of this type of poetry is Pascal D'Angelo, the Italian workman. While the lack of rhyme and rhythm would seem naturally to detract from the pleasure of reading poetry, the thought and high aims of D'Angelo's

work make it wholly delightful.

Besides the poetry written upholding such qualities as bravery, honesty, straight-forwardness, righteousness, etc., there is at present a decided appreciation shown of the beauties revealed by Mother Nature. Poetry of this type tends to awaken in its readers a desire to live in the outside world in order to be able to enjoy all of the pleasantries that it has to offer. Not only does this result in a love of nature and so a development of beautiful things as the result of love for them, but it increases the standard of health of the people. Also people who are able to find enjoyment in the commonplace as well as the unusual attractions of the world, are happy people, and happy people are always desirable.

Child verse, as written by James Whitcomb Riley, and Eugene Field, awakes in the child a love for poetry, which develops as he grows older. Children who are made familiar with this type of poetry grow to understand and master the English language. They become interested in their surroundings and since interest leads to knowledge they become learned in many things of which, without poetry, they would probably never have thought.

On the whole, modern poetry is a decided asset to human life in that it uplifts morals, increases happiness, and brings about education.

### Heard in Junior History Class

Why did he go to China?  
R. Parks: To Peking.

Lost: A silver Eversharp pencil engraved between Avenue A and the Board-walk.



## NEW EYES FOR OLD

In their own little world at Evergreen School the men who gave their sight for their country learn again to fit themselves for life and, watching what they do, it's hard to believe they're blind.

There was a queer look on the man behind the counter as I asked for a package of Camels; I hardly noticed that he gave me Fatimas instead until his companion told him of his mistake. To my surprise, after I had left the store I found that both men were stone blind. But that is nothing unusual at Evergreen. Here the men are learning to do for themselves.

They dress themselves as carefully and as correctly as any man with vision and tie their ties exactly as do their fellow men. They even shave themselves.

As a substitute for eyes the hands are trained to serve. The courses at Evergreen are so arranged that the man will learn an occupation that he can carry on after he leaves. Basketry, carpentry, poultry farming and management of a small store or a garage are some of the trades taught.

The buildings at Evergreen are low wooden dormitories. The school-rooms are connected with covered runways. The men you see are walking about whistling just as cheerfully as their more fortunate

brothers. They walk along with an easy swinging gait, turning in at the door they want or perhaps hesitate for a second when they come to a corner.

If the man is married there are quarters for himself and wife. Large homey rooms, curtained windows, a piano and easy chairs and sofas are in the large living room. The furniture must always be in exactly the same place, for if it is changed or moved in the least degree the blind man may receive a hard knock.

After a little practice the blind man is able to feed himself. For the blind man the time for play is the hardest for him. One sport he enjoys is bowling, but of all sports swimming is the best, for here the blind man gets a sense of freedom. He can strike out as hard as he likes without fear of falling over something.

Twice every week there is a blind man's dance. The floor is arranged with a border of stone which slopes slightly upward, and when a man touches this border he realizes at once that he is on the edge. But the really big night at Evergreen is theatre night. The blind are a most appreciative audience.

This, then is the way the blind ex-service man is putting himself back on his feet.

M. CROWE '23.

## A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT'S "IF"

If you can escape detentions  
When they are surer to come;  
If you could only make an A  
When a D you know you've won;  
If you could tell the teacher your  
views on deeds of yore,  
And prove the uselessness of learn-  
ing acts that went before;

If you could come in late to school,  
Yet never break a single rule;  
If only teachers would not hear,  
When you whisper to a friend so  
dear;  
If Latin students must not learn,  
And their detention slips could burn;

If all your history you could say,  
And not a single word delay;  
If only at twelve a. m. by your seat,  
You, a lunch from cooking lab might  
eat;  
If happy you could sit and dream,  
And have your teachers, at you,  
beam;

Then school would be a place of bliss  
And then no student I'm sure would  
miss  
His or her lessons;  
And all of us would be  
Ideal students as you can see,  
And self-made scholars, of our land  
so free.

MILDRED L. WELSH 1923.

## LUCK

Continued from page 8

a flashlight. One tire was blown out and every light on the car was broken. What had we hit? We all turned to the driver for an answer to this question but he was just as vague on that point as we were. He did not know whether it was a tree, another car or a deep hole which had caused our latest catastrophe. To settle our curiosity we walked back up the road. About five yards back we came to a railroad crossing and by careful examination discovered that our driver, instead of crossing the tracks where the road did, had taken a short cut and consequently had run over two rails that were elevated about a foot and a half above the ground. Sufficient reason for our having broken all the lights and blown out a tire. We replaced the front lights with spare bulbs, changed the spare tire for the one blown out, and continued on our way. It was about three o'clock in the morning when we reached Amherst and to crown the climax another tire blew out just before we entered the garage. We ran the car into the garage on a flat tire, jacked it up until later and left it. Bed was our big problem at that moment.

I am unable to decide whether it was good or bad luck for it certainly was bad luck to have so much trouble and yet it was good luck that a train did not pass over the railroad at the same point and the same time that we did, just think I would not have been able to write this if it had.

Della: "Do you believe that bobbing the hair leads to softening of the brain?"

Dr. Testrly: "No, but I believe that softening of the brain leads to bobbed hair."

"Papa," wrote the sweet young thing in boarding school, "I have become infatuated with Calisthenics."

"Well daughter," replied the old man, "If your heart is sot on him I haven't a word to say, but I always did hope you'd marry an American."

## Financial Stress

The fact that his big brother was returning home from college that day had been carefully concealed from ten-year-old Tommy until he came back from school.

"Tommy," said his mother, after her younger son had gone upstairs to wash his face and the elder had been concealed in the pantry, "I have a big surprise for you."

"I know what it is," replied Tommy, "Brother's back."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"Cause my bank won't rattle any more."

## Regular Job

"And what might your work have been during the late war?" asked an old lady visiting the Atlantic fleet as it lay at anchor in the Hudson.

"Ma'am," replied the bob wearily, "I worked on a submarine and every time they wanted to dive I'd run forward and tip 'er up."

## RELIGUN

Religun is the reezun fer folks bein up rite.

The lak of it causes em ter be down rite.

Nobody is unhappy with it, or happy without it.

It's your best friend in adversity.

It don't ask nuthin except fer you ter be desent when your prosperous.

Religun is the one thing that will stand by you as long as you stand by it.

Any body whos is against it is fetin his own interest.

You cant go rong with religun, but yer cant go rite without it.

Religun dont discrimernate.

The poorest man on earth can get jest as much and jest as good quality as the richest.

Its the only thing in the world thats worth every thing that you can git fer nuthin.

When youne got it, you know it, and when yer haint you bound ter miss it. If yer haint got religun theres something the matter with you. Better get a litterl and be cured, I say. Ex.



## WHO'S WHO IN THE CLASS OF 1922

### Miss Frances O'Melia

Miss Frances O'Melia came to Turners Falls High School four years ago to teach French. She has been our Class Teacher and Adviser for four years.

### Class Officers

Douglas Donovan, "Doug," President of the Class of 1922 for last three years; Vice Pres. and President of Athletic Association; Captain of Basket Ball Team, 1922; Junior and Senior Plays; Glee Club. Plans to go to University of Maine.

"In any sport he can take part."

### Mary Turner "Dutchie"

Vice President of Class of 1922 four years; Freshman Debate; Secretary of Glee Club, and Debating Society junior year; Junior Prize Speaking, Senior Play; Senior Editor of School Notes.

Plans to attend University of Vermont.

"On airy feet she dances time away."

### Joseph Briggs "Joe"

Treasurer of Class of 1922 for four years; Glee Club; in operettas, "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Orchestra; Junior Play, Senior Play.

Plans to study music.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

### Dorothy Kelly "Dot"

Class Secretary for three years; Glee Club Operettas, "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Junior and Senior Plays; Prom committee, Palmer Writing Certificate; Chairman of Program Committee.

Plans to take up commercial work.

"It is wise to laugh often and long."

### Gertrude Bardwell "Trudie"

Glee Club, Junior Play, Committee for Class Pins, Prize Speaking, Operettas, "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Junior-Senior Debate; Graduation Committee.

Plans to attend Lasalle.

"A spark that never goes out."

### Elizabeth Bassett "Susie"

Manager of Girls' Basket ball Team; Glee Club Operettas "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Gold Medal in Typewriting; Pro Merito Society.

Plans to study music.

"Hark; her music soft and clear,  
Gently steals upon the ear."

### Samuel Blassberg "Sam"

Freshman Debate, Charter Member and Vice-President of Debating Club; Junior and Senior Plays; Football Team 1922; Glee Club.

"Wisdom is more to be desired than fine gold."

### Marjorie Campbell "Margie"

Glee Club; Operetta "Yokohama Maid;" Junior Prize Speaking; Card Case and Bronze Medal in Typewriting; Diploma in Penmanship; Basketball.

Plans to continue Commercial Work.

"Duty is very sweet, but pleasure's sweeter."

### Annette Farwell "Nan"

Freshman Debate; Debating Society; Glee Club Operetta "Sylvia;" Senior Play; Assistant Literary Editor of "Netop;" Pro Merito Society.

Commencement essay.

Plans to attend college after one year.

"Advance to honor."

### Theodore Farwell "Ted"

Vice-President Freshman Class; Glee Club Operetta "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Basketball; Baseball; Senior Play.

Plans to attend Northeastern.

"He hath a mint of phrases in his brain."

### Marjorie Fowler "Bluebell"

Junior Play; Usher at Senior Play; Remington Card-case; Final Certificate in Penmanship; Underwood Bronze Medal.

Plans to continue Commercial Work.

"Silence is better than speech."

**Michael Griffin, Jr. "Mike"**

Baseball Team 1919 to 1922;  
Pitcher for team in 1921 and 1922;  
Football 1921.

Plans to attend Clarkson Tech.

"A lad of mettle, a good fellow."

**Frederic Haeussler "Fred"**

Glee Club Operetta "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Track Team two years; Senior Play; Class Prophet.

Plans to enter Norwich University.

"A lover of good, just or riddle."

**Anna Hanley "Nancy"**

Glee Club; "Yokohama Maid;" Member of Executive Committee of Community Service; Palmer Certificate; Ivy Poem.

"Tis common that women are merriest when they are away from home."

**Marvin Kells "Barney"**

Baseball Teams 1919, 1920 and 1922; Basketball 1921 and 1922; Track Team; Football 1921; Junior Play.

"What he lacks in inches and years he makes up in sports."

**Charles McCarthy "Mac"**

Junior Prize Speaking; Committee for nomination of the officer of the Athletic Association; Chairman of Senior Play Committee.

"Good humor makes one popular."

**Bertha Murley "Bert"**

Glee Club; Girls' Basketball Team three years; Card-case in Typewriting; Secretary of High School Community Club.

Plans to continue Commercial Work.

"As merry as the day is long."

**Florence Murley "Flossie"**

Orchestra; Glee Club; Operetta "Yokohama Maid;" Card-case and Bronze Medal in Typewriting; Final Certificate in Penmanship; Certificate for efficiency in Arithmetic; Basketball.

Plans to take up Commercial Work.

"Always happy, always gay."

**Louise Perinet "Louisa"**

Glee Club Operetta "Sylvia;" Usher in Senior Play; Certificate and Card-case in Typewriting; Cer-

tificate in Penmanship and Arithmetic.

Plans to continue Commercial work.

"Neat, not gaudy."

**Ida Pervere "Pervie"**

"Yokohama Maid;" Glee Club; Remington Card Case; Usher at Senior Play; Final Certificate in Penmanship.

Plans to continue Commercial Work.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."

**Marjorie Porter "Marge"**

Freshman Debating Society; Junior and Senior Plays; Junior Prize Speaking; Operetta, "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Junior, Senior Debates 1921 and 1922; Literary Editor of "Netop;" Graduation Committee; Pro Merito Society.

Plans to take up Domestic Science.

"The hand that hath made her fair hath made her good."

**Esther Sauter "S"**

Operetta, "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Junior and Senior Plays; Proficiency Certificate in Arithmetic; Junior Prom Committee; Exchange Editor of "Netop;" Pro Merito Society; Commencement essay.

Plans to become a teacher.

"Honor she bore with modest becoming."

**Caroline Seiler "Carol"**

Glee Club; Usher at Senior Play; Operettas "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Card-case and Bronze Medal in Typewriting; Certificate in Penmanship.

"Good hearted and agreeable to all."

**Edward Slate "Eddie"**

Glee Club; Track Team 1921; Baseball 1921 and 1922; Basketball 1922.

Plans to study Civil Engineering.

"A draughtsman supreme."

**Eliot Stoughton "Stought"**

Captain and Manager Track Team; Manager Basketball Team 1922; Freshman Debate; Football 1922; Senior Play "Sylvia."

Plans to attend Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

"Such a worthy future."

**Warren White "Bob"**

Charter Member of Debating Society; Junior, Senior Debate '21; Junior Prize Speaking; Junior and Senior Plays; Graduation Committee; Operettas "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Editor in chief of "Netop;" Pro Merito Society.

Plans to attend M. A. C.

"A leader in all his work."

**Ruth Whitney "Ruthie"**

Glee Club; Operettas "Yokohama Maid" and "Sylvia;" Senior Play.

Plans to attend Normal School.

"Silent because of knowledge."

Most popular girl—Mary Turner.

Most popular boy—Joseph Briggs.

Most athletic girl—Elizabeth Bassett.

Most athletic boy—Marvin Kells.

Most admired girl—Mary Turner.

Most admired boy—Douglas Donovan.

Wittiest Girl—Dorothy Kelly.

Wittiest boy—Samuel Blassberg.

Least punctual—Annette Farwell.

Best all around girl—Mary Turner.

Best all around boy—Douglas Donovan.

Class baby—Douglas Donovan.

Most stylish girl—Marjorie Porter.

Most stylish boy—Warren White.

Class beauty—Marjorie Porter.

Best natured girl—Mary Turner.

Best natured boy—Samuel Blassberg.

Brightest girl—Esther Sauter.

Brightest boy—Warren White.

Greatest gum chewer—Marvin Kells.

Tallest girl—Caroline Seiler.

Tallest boy—Warren White.

Shortest girl—Annette Farwell.

Shortest boy—Marvin Kells.

Best dancer (girl)—Florence Murley.

Best dancer (boy)—Joseph Briggs.

Class spendthrift—Gertrude Bardwell.

Class musician (girl)—Florence Murley.

Class musician (boy)—Joseph Briggs.

Most clever girl—Dorothy Kelly.

Most clever boy—Samuel Blassberg.

Most talkative girl—Annette Farwell.

Most talkative boy—Warren White.

Most quiet girl—Ruth Whitney.

Most quiet boy—Charles McCarthy.

**GRADUATION**

When, on the night of graduation, a student receives his diploma, he often asks himself just what it is worth. Some prize it highly; others regard it lightly. In the respect that it makes a distinct diversion in life, it is of equal importance to all.

A diploma in itself is worth nothing—it merely signifies the completion of a period of study—but that for which the diploma stands is worth just what the student has made it worth; he has received exactly what he has put into it. His success or failure in life, depends much upon the character and habits formed during his youth. An "A" record in itself will insure a student's success no more than a "D" record, unless with that "A" record he has developed certain characteristics such as honesty, truth, sportsmanship and perseverance.

The student with a low but consistent record need not feel at all discouraged if he can say that he has made a good, honest effort. The student who does not get such a high mark, but who works for what he gets will be the more valuable person in any business whatsoever.

Another element as important as ability is personality. One can not hope to live a full life without friends, nor to gain friends unless he has a likable personality. It is as possible to develop a personality as it is to acquire the habit of brushing one's teeth. With a likable disposition will come friends and a person will find that true friends are life's most valuable asset.

When school days are ended, the future prospects of a boy or girl are what that individual has made them; no more and no less.

P. BURNHAM.



## A WORTH WHILE VACATION

I was at a Y. M. C. A. camp last summer in Richmond, New Hampshire. It was located in a beautiful spot, facing a large lake and was bordered with tall pines and ledges. Though we spent much time working, there was plenty for sports. I think the most exciting time we had was on a hike to Mt. Monadnock, New Hampshire.

One morning during breakfast, our leader announced that all those wishing to take the hike might sign at the cook shack. All except two or three signed. We could hardly wait for the time to come.

Thursday morning, July tenth, we rose earlier than usual, in order that we might make an early start. Voices were heard from every tent.

"Spike, come help me with my blankets!"

"Hand me that strap! Oh, hurry up!"

Such remarks were heard from nearly forty fellows.

It was a great morning for us. When everyone was ready we acquired our rations from the cook and started. We set out like fresh soldiers not realizing what a long journey was ahead of us. The distance was fifteen miles each way.

It was a very hot day. The heat was so intense that our feet were not free from blisters. I decided something must be done. When we arrived at a deserted farm house, I entered—some of the fellows following. I spied a sink, in what probably was the kitchen, and immediately removing my shoes and stockings, climbed into the sink and let the fellows pour cold water on my feet. It was a relief.

In order to save time, we took a short cut through a long strip of pine woods. There it was very cool walking. This wooded road led us to Troy, New Hampshire. We arrived there about noon and found an

attractive little village. It was not so large as we had expected, but we were on a hike—not a sight-seeing excursion. We ate dinner here, and proceeded once more. It was somewhat cooler so that we did not mind the heat. We reached the half way house about three o'clock, very tired and hungry. Since we were to eat supper on top of the mountain, we could not think of a rest just then. It was a stiff climb, and surely gave us a big appetite.

After supper we began to look for a place to sleep. Since we could see nothing but bare rock, we were not very favorably impressed. As it was rapidly growing cloudy we felt it would be impossible to go down then. Continuing our search we succeeded in finding a little clump of shrubs. At the same time, we began to see flashes of lightning and hear the roll of thunder in the distance. Finally, the rain began to fall, just as we rolled under our blankets. It was about the wettest fun I ever experienced, except swimming, but all the fellows seemed to take it as a good joke. Once in a while someone would yell through the black fog.

"Say, put out your anchor, we're pretty near shore," "Do your duty and teach someone to swim."

The night went very slowly as we did not sleep much of the time. We rose early because we were soaked through. We rolled up our blankets and started down the mountain at five o'clock. The party had breakfast, at the half way house. We were a wet looking crowd. It was a wet job going back through the woods. On our way back we stopped at Troy for refreshments.

We reached camp about noon Friday, and were glad to return. Although we were wet, tired and hungry we would not have missed it.

S. C.

Sea Scout Captain: "How many fathoms?"

Pilot: "Can't touch bottom."

Sea Scout Captain: "Well, how near do you come to it?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, we're very up-to-date here. We cook every thing by electricity."

Customer: "Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock."



At a recent meeting of the Editorial Board, Harold Clark '23 was elected Editor-in-Chief and Mildred Maynard '23 Literary Editor. The retiring board wishes the new officers all possible success. We also wish to extend to Miss Ayer, Faculty Adviser, a vote of thanks for her aid which has made our School Paper a huge success.

With great regret we say that Miss O'Melia will not be among the members of the faculty of the School, next year. We take this time to manifest our appreciation for her concern and interest in the Class of 1922 for the four years during which she has been our class teacher. It is our sincere wish that she will be happy wherever she may go, and we trust that she will always remember the Class of twenty-two.

## WHAT OTHER SCHOOLS ARE DOING

The Elmdale News published by the rural High School of Elmdale, Kansas is one of the most unique papers in the country. It is a community newspaper for Elmdale and prints everything from auction ads to class room news notes.

The Manualite, a weekly newspaper, issued by the Publication Department of the Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Missouri, have just finished paying for a fine thousand dollar Print Shop. This has taken them only about six years to accomplish.

The staffs, of "LeSourie," Caisson North Dakota and "The Tackler," Columbus, Wisconsin, are putting on dramatic performances and turning over the proceeds to their papers.

Literature, art, poetry, drama and book reviews are the subject matter of the unusual Magazine Supplement to the University High School Daily, Chicago.

"Favorite Faculty Frivols," exposing pet jokes, is a feature of the Review, Northeastern High School, Detroit. Another interesting department in this paper is "A Penny for Your Thoughts," containing fine questions such as "Why is it hard to write on clean glass with a pen?"

Eight hundred subscribers were recently secured in a campaign carried on by the Blackhawk, Davenport, Iowa. It can be done.

"Learn a Picture a Week" is the name of a new feature started by "The Scarab," Cleveland, Ohio. Introducing the Week's Celebrity, is another department of this lively weekly.



### SENIOR SOLEMNITIES

The members of the Class of 1922 who were on the honor roll for April were:

Warren White  
 Esther Sauter  
 Theodore Farwell  
 Annette Farwell  
 Paul Burnham P. G.  
 Gordon Templar P. G.

The Pro Merito Society had a beautiful day for its trip to Northampton and owing to the kindness of Gertrude Bardwell and Mr. Arthur Porter who took us we enjoyed our trip to the utmost. Our party consisted of Annette Farwell, Esther Sauter, Elizabeth Bassett, Marjorie Porter, Ruth Whitney and two chaperones, Miss Packard and Miss Ayer.

We started about nine o'clock and arrived in Northampton a little after ten. We went directly to the Northampton High School where we waited until the other societies arrived. When they came we were shown through the high school in which we were very much interested. Then we went to the gymnasium and held our Pro Merito Society meeting. As soon as this was over, we went through the Smith College grounds. This walk was made very interesting by a teacher who accompanied us and who told us what the various buildings were and for what purpose they were used. By the time we had finished our sight-seeing it was dinner time so we went to the Northampton High School and from there to Boyden's Restaurant where we had a very good dinner.

Afterwards we went by automobile, to Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst where it was High School Day. After we had obtained our tickets by which we were allowed to see the athletic events we went directly to the ball-ground. Here we saw several races in which members of the various high schools took part. Then we proceeded to the bleachers and waited for the ballgame to begin. It was between Connecticut Agricultural College and M. A. C. and was extremely exciting for it was a hard fight on both sides. The game was won by M. A. C. but by a very close score.

The game ended about five o'clock and we started immediately for home. The ride home was very pleasant and we all felt that we had spent a very interesting and pleasant day.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class the following committees for graduation were elected: Committee for the Class song, Florence Murley, Elizabeth Bassett and Joseph Briggs; for the ivy poem, Annette Farwell, Ruth Whitney and Anna Hanley; the class will, Marjorie Porter, Sam Blassberg and Warren White; for the class history, Esther Sauter, Dorothy Kelly.

Esther Sauter of the Commercial Course and Annette Farwell of the College Course, owing to their high scholastic standing are the two members who are to deliver essays at the Graduation Exercises. As their averages were the same there will be no Valedictory or Salutatory addresses.

The principal speaker of the evening for the Graduation Exercises will be Harry M. Gardner of the State Board of Education.

### JUNIOR JOVIALTIES

The crowning event of our career was the Junior Prom held Friday evening, June 12. Delaney's orchestra furnished the music and even the Seniors were more than pleased. The decorating scheme received much comment. The stage was a piazza with flower boxes and the posts were twined with nasturtiums, the lattice work was partly concealed by masses of tiger lilies, butterflies and nasturtiums. The two cozy corners were decorated with the respective colors red and white, orange and black of the senior and junior classes. Those serving on the reception committee were: Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Miss Leary, Miss O'Melia, Mildred Maynard, Douglas Donovan and Fred Haigis.

The Prom Committee was composed of Rebecca Field, Arlene Payne, Gerald Lapean, Mildred Maynard and Fred Haigis. Committee of ten or more were assigned certain sections of the decorating. Due to the difficulty in finding flowers of our

class colors we congratulate ourselves that such a variety was made and the decorating carried out in such a pleasing manner.

Junior Prize Speaking under the direction of Miss Ayer was held Friday evening, April 21. The evening's program was as follows:

"Melon Time in Dixie," Dingle

High School Orchestra

"On Drawing," A. P. Herbert

Paul Fournier

"The Blinded Lady,"

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Dorothy Hewitt

"The Bachelor and the Baby,"

Margaret Cameron

Helen Gibson

"Brother Billy Goat Eats His

Dinner," Joel Chandler Harris

Evelyn Lyman

"Wabash Blues," Meinkin

High School Orchestra

"Two Pair of Shoes,"

Joseph C. Lincoln

Richard Clapp

"At Home to His Friends,"

Booth Tarkington

Rebecca Field

"The Flash in the Pan,"

George Fitch

Gerald Lapean

"Billy Brad and the Forbidden

Fruit," Ellis Parker Butler

Frances Gowans

"Tucky Home," Meyer

High School Orchestra

The three judges were Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Hughes and Chairman of the judges was Mr. Vincent.

First prize was awarded to Richard Clapp who brought down the house with his exciting portrayal of an ice race and the unexpected ending of a practical joke on two old Cape Cod sailors. Paul Fournier and Dorothy Hewitt captured the two second prizes. Miss Hewitt's selection was delivered with a great deal of expression especially in her characterization of a child. The selection was one of the longest and most difficult and much credit is due Miss Hewitt for her clever interpretation. Paul Fournier representing a lecturer who illustrates his lectures aroused much enthusiasm and took one of the second prizes. The judges stated that this was one of the most diffi-

cult to judge of the six contests given by the school. The class of '23 as represented by the participants shows that there is talent and determination and in the name of the Junior Class heartiest thanks are extended to the contestants and Miss Ayer.

### SOPHOMORE SENTIMENTS

Sophomore English has been very interesting during the month of April. Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar" was studied and various scenes were acted by the students. Discussions were held concerning the different characters which not only proved instructive but interesting as well. "As You Like It" was especially popular with the pupils and created much enthusiasm.

During the same month the members of the sewing class completed their new dresses. They will be on exhibition soon. The collection is certainly one which displays style and taste as well as excellent workmanship.

The class congratulates Miss Rachel Clapp on having won one of the prizes offered for the poster on "Sylvia."

The sophomore baseball team began its season with fewer members than last year due to the fact that some of the boys left school. The first time they met defeat from the Freshmen by a score of 15 to 5. The team at that time was handicapped because of the disability of "Bill" Parks, the star player of the Sophomores.

The sophomore members of the Girls' Recreation Club thoroughly enjoyed the "Hare and Hound Chase." It was an event which will be always remembered by those who were in it.

### FRESHMAN FLIGHTS

Members on honor-roll:

Ruth Johnson

Rose Krainson

Jacob Perkins

Mary Pogoda

John Prohovich

Mary Rogers

Irene Socquet

Stella Sliva

Doris White

Reginald White

Freshman class had the highest attendance for April—98.66%.

The Freshman Social was held April 18th, in the school hall, at eight o'clock. We were fortunate in having in our receiving line: Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. O'Keefe, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Packard, and our President, Roland O'Keefe.

The music started at quarter of eight for our guests to be ushered to the receiving line. The ushers were: Robert Crouse, Francis Kelleher, Thomas Callahan, and Fred Cassidy.

The hall was prettily decorated in the class colors, purple and white. Fir trees, which were planted in tubs decorated with our colors were arranged about the hall. The chandeliers were hung with streamers from which birds were suspended, carrying in their bills the class numerals. Great credit is due the decorating committee, as well as Miss Bushnell, our class teacher, and were well repaid for our efforts. At ten thirty refreshments were served. The cake was frosted in our colors and marked with 25's and served in prettily trimmed trays. The ice cream was also colored to harmonize with the color scheme.

We were very glad to be able to entertain the sub-freshman, and we trust that they, with the other classes, enjoyed the evening.

### SUB-FRESHMAN SPORTS

The whole Sub-Freshman Class except two who were ill attended the Sub-Freshman Social held Friday afternoon, May 26th, in the Assembly Hall. The entertainment committee consisted of:

Lady—What! Thirty-eight cents a dozen for eggs! Why, that's more than three cents for one egg!

Grocer—Well, mum, you must remember that one egg is a whole day's work for one hen.

"I've thought of a novel effect for my new melodrama."

"Hard to find anything new."

"This is new. The villain lights a cigar in the midst of the snow storm, thus setting the snowstorm afire."

Eileen Bourdeau  
Richard Smith  
Ruth Blassberg

The Refreshment committee was:  
Gertrude Maynard  
Caroline Koch  
Doris Kelleher  
Margaret Mackin  
Helen McGillicuddy

The music for the afternoon was furnished by the following members of the class:

Ruth Blassberg  
Robert Shea  
Richard Smith  
Edward Milkey  
Joseph Thomas  
Everett Gartrell  
Alphonse Zbikowski  
Lydia Zbikowski  
Eileen Bourdeau

Several piano selections were rendered by various members of the class and also some selections by the orchestra. Ice cream and cake were served after the entertainment. Dancing was enjoyed. Miss Fitzgerald and Mrs. O'Keefe were presented with red and white carnations.

The Sub-Freshman class is proud to announce the following members who have attained the average of 85% or over.

Malcolm Alber  
Alice Engerman  
Gertrude Maynard  
Alice Wyman  
Marjorie Brigstock  
Everett Gartrell  
Edward Milkey  
Alphonse Zbikowski  
Ruth Blassberg  
Caroline Koch  
Robert Verner

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—he is a Freshman: shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not—he is a Sophomore: pity him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows—he is a Junior: honor him.

He who knows and knows that he knows—he is a Senior: reverence him.

P. B. reading. "His Husband and her wife."





### THE GENTLEMAN'S DEFENSE

Sometimes, children evince a disconcerting ability to close a conversation and to avert rebuke or chastisement. In a school situated in one of the suburbs there was a slight disturbance one day among the smaller pupils.

A small boy had slapped a little girl. The teacher was quick to rebuke the youngster.

"Jackson," she said, "no gentleman would strike a lady."

The boy was ready with his reply. It was, "Well, no lady would tickle a gentleman."

Bill Sprague kept a general store at Croydon Four Corners. One day he set off to New York to buy a lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and as Bill had lingered in York sight seeing, they reached Croydon Four Corners before him.

The goods, in an enormous packing case, were delivered to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague came out to see what had arrived, and with a shriek, tottered and nearly fell.

"Oh, what's the matter Ma'am?" cried the hired girl.

Mrs. Sprague, her eyes blinded with tears, pointed to the packing case, whereon was stenciled in large black letters:

"Bill inside."

Little Girl: Mister Policeman, Do you pinch folks very hard?

Algy met a bear  
The bear was bulgy  
The bulge was Algy  
Great Scott!

"I love the ground you walk on"  
This was the tale he told  
They lived up in the Klondike  
And the ground was full of gold.

Latin teacher: "It took a thousand years to compile this language."

Student: "It will take another thousand to learn it."

Mr. Burke: "He could distinguish this certain star with a telescope."

T. F.: "How would he mark it?"

Mr. Burke: "Oh, put a tag on it of course."

She frowned on him and called him Mr.

Because in fun he only Kr.

And so in spite

The very next night

This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

Teacher: "What is a mummy?"

Junior: "A mummy is-a-mummy is-a mummy is a poppy's wife."

Father: "What are you reading, Caroline?"

Daughter: "A novel, father, entitled 'The Heart of a Poor Girl.'"

"Umph! The usual rubbish, I suppose."

"Yes, dad, it's the book you presented to mother years ago."

Fred: "The finest thing you can eat is an apple. 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away!'"

Ed: "That's right old chap, and an onion a day keeps everybody away."

#### Long-distance Shooting

The new night-watchman at the observatory was watching someone using the big telescope. Just then a star fell. "Begorra," he said to himself, "that felly sure is a crack-shot."

#### Prayers Needed

Visitor: "What does the chaplain do here?"

Freshman: "Oh, he gets up in chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college."

Freshman: "Where does this railroad go to?"

Wise Sophomore: "It doesn't go anywhere, it is only used for trains to run on."

#### A Matter of Looks

A homely young English chap having his view obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him ventured to say, "See here, miss," and leaning over, "I want to look as well as you."

"Oh do yer?" she replied in a rich cockney accent, "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer face."

#### Sea Sickness

Tom: "What's the matter John, can't you skate?"

Fred: "I don't know yet, I can't stay up long enough to find out."

#### Junior Chemistry

Mr. Burke to his class: "Now Jones mention an oxide."

"Leather," replied Jones.

"What is leather an oxide of?"

"An ox'ide of beef" replied the bright student.

#### Saving Him Pain

Boy (to his dad): Dad can you sign your name with your eyes shut?

His Dad: Certainly.

Boy: Well shut your eyes and sign my report card.

#### The Substitute

"What do they sell in that garage besides gasoline, father?" inquired a small boy, as his father's car crawled along painfully. "Besides, my boy? You mean instead of" was his parent's disgusted reply, as he tried to get more speed out of his car.

#### Too Much

Struck by the sign "Iron Sinks" displayed in a shop window, a man entered and announced that he was perfectly aware of the fact that "iron sank."

The proprietor's sense of adaptability rose to the occasion and he replied, "Yes, the time flies, the sulphur springs, jam rolls, (grass slopes), music stands, Niagara Falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, and holiday trips, scandal spreads, standard weights, India rubber tires, the organ stops, the work goes round, trade returns and—"

But the visitor had bolted. After collecting his thoughts he returned and, after showing his head at the doorway shouted:

"Yes, I know, and marble stains."

#### No Stirring Tale

"Did you hear about the poor fellow who swallowed a spoon?"

"No. What about him?"

"Why he can't stir!" Ex.

#### A Modern Elephant

Johnny came back from the circus very much excited.

"Oh, Mama," he cried as soon as he got in the house, "Kate spilled some neanuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked them all up with his vacuum cleaner!"

After spending much time in physics explaining that heat expands and cold contracts and giving various examples of this principle the professor asked one member to give his explanation of it.

And this is what he gave. "In summer when it is hot the days are long and in winter when it is cold the days are short."



## THE SENIOR'S FAREWELL

For many days, oh schoolmates dear  
 With many hopes and even a fear  
 We've done our tasks in a friendly  
 way  
 Have toiled from e'en the break of  
 day.

Oh, memories of those days we'll  
 keep  
 To help us mount the steps so steep  
 Of our new life which is to come  
 Now that our high school work is  
 done.

To the friends whom we all love so  
 well,  
 We now do bid a fond farewell;  
 But we will always keep in mind,  
 Those happy days we left behind.

So, classmates, let us not be sad  
 But leave our school with faces glad  
 For the memories of our school days  
 will  
 Forever in our glad hearts dwell.

A. F.

They want a story for Netop,  
 For Netop, for Netop;  
 They want a story for Netop,  
 Oh what shall I do?

I don't know what to write about;  
 There's lessons to recite about,  
 And pleasures to delight about,  
 But not a thing to write about,  
 Oh, what shall I do?

They want a poem for Netop;  
 I've thought, and thought, and  
 thought,  
 They want a poem for Netop  
 But I can think of naught.

I wonder what I could tell to you  
 Of trees or flowers, or birds or  
 towers;  
 Of humming birds, or shepherd's  
 herds,  
 Or deeds that soldiers often do?

I know, still I'm no poetess,  
 I'd like to tell this thing to you;  
 We like our studies and teachers too,  
 And won't forget T. F. H. S.

A. L. P. '23.

## ON BEING EYE-MINDED

There are strange contrasts among  
 people in the world in regard to their  
 powers of seeing things. We have  
 the dull person who scarcely per-  
 ceives anything, the boy who notices  
 only the things in which he is in-  
 terested, and lastly, the fortunate  
 one who sees so much that we may  
 say he is eye-minded.

This last human being finds that  
 his keen ability of perception is a  
 valuable asset. Everywhere he goes,  
 and in everything he undertakes he  
 is happy, for as we may say, that  
 little eye in his mind sees clearly  
 the methods of overcoming difficul-  
 ties and how to find pleasure.

First, this boy in his work knows  
 the way to progress. Little prob-  
 lems do not bother him, for he finds  
 some path that leads to their solu-  
 tions. In the office, at the mill, on  
 the farm, in court, as a doctor, civil  
 engineer and in every walk of life  
 he sees his opportunity to work. He  
 grasps it, and what is the result?  
 Success!

To go on with the advantages of  
 being eye-minded, they are found in  
 all sports. On the baseball diamond  
 or in any game, it is the fellow who  
 is first, quick to see, then quick to  
 think, and finally quick to act, who  
 wins the honors for his team.

Lastly, there should be no one in  
 the world who is so dissatisfied with  
 life that he wants to die. All around  
 us there is pleasure. If there is no  
 other delight to attract us, what  
 about nature? The city child need  
 not be deprived of the enjoyment of  
 being acquainted with nature. She  
 is everywhere and the eye-minded  
 person will find her. He can study  
 the stars at night, and if there is no  
 other place to go he may lie on the  
 ground in a park and be as close as  
 possible to the heart of plant life.  
 Again, there are the beautiful birds.  
 In fact, there is everything we want,  
 right near us if we will only use our  
 eye-mind and find it.

FLORENCE PORTER '24.

## Schoolboy Essay on Formation Dew

"The earth revolves on its axis  
 every 24 hours and in consequence  
 of the tremendous pace at which it  
 travels, it perspires freely."

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### IVY POEM

This is the day as in years of yore,  
When we come to bid a fond adieu  
To school-mates and friends whom  
we adore,  
And Alma Mater, dear and true.

Four years ago we entered here,  
And started on our upward way,  
To mount the steps of our career,  
Until at last we reach this day.

Now alas, our ways will part,  
And each his own path must pursue,  
With a sad face and heavy heart,  
And thoughts of dear old Twenty-two.

And now with this bit of ivy green  
We pledge our love and hope;  
May we in our new life esteem  
Those portals we are to ope.

As high as thy glistening branches  
creep,  
As deep as thy deep roots be,  
So high and yet so very deep  
May our loyalty be to thee.

### FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS

Your school-days here are nearly  
gone,

And yet you fondly linger here,  
For sweet each joy that you have  
known

'Tis sad to part from comrades  
dear.

The world before you brightly lies  
Yet here fond memory loves to  
dwell;

With saddened hearts and dewy  
eyes

You bid to all a sweet farewell.

Long will your hearts recall each joy  
That bound you in your friend-  
ship here;

For time can never once destroy  
The light of your memory burn-  
ing here

Of other scenes and other caves  
Your lips must not their story tell.  
Each heart that your memory shares  
Bids you now a fond farewell.

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